

CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOLUME 9.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1858.

NUMBER 15.

THE CHRONICLE.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, by

NEBLETT & GRANT,
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

\$2 Per annum, in advance.

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FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.
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MISCELLANY.

Original Novellette.

[Written for the Clarksville Chronicle.]

IDA HOLMES,

OR THE

Belle of the Fort.

BY R. W. THOMAS.

Author of the "Young Colonel," the "Refugees,"
"Lily Dale," the "Convent Prisoner,"
"Jane Mason," the "Birds of
an Hour," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

SCARCELY had Lieut. Wilmer left the fort, after his trial and sentence, when a reaction began to manifest itself in his favor. His enemies began to remember the indignities he had patiently borne at the hands of Captain Fritz, and not one could remember that he or she had ever been injured by him. This mode of looking into the subject revealed the conduct of all parties in its true light, and the conviction rapidly gained ground, that the handsome Lieutenant had been deeply wronged; and when it became known that he had chastized Fritz for speaking of the General's daughter in terms of marked disrespect, the dislike felt for the former was gradually transferred to the latter.

Maj. Dade had felt deeply for Wilmer, and when he perceived that a great change was taking place in popular sentiment, his first step was to acquaint himself with the facts, and the proof by which they could be sustained; and the next was to arraign Fritz for unbecomingly conduct towards an inferior, and for slandering Ida Holmes. He was accordingly brought to trial, when so much was proven to his prejudice, that he was dismissed by an unanimous sentence of the Court. His craven spirit then manifested itself in his entreaties to be pardoned and reinstated; and his malignity of heart, in threats of vengeance upon all the dwellers within the fort, after he found that his entreaties were in vain.

His last act was a blow at Ida. Bell Brown had recognized, on the finger of Wilmer, the ring Ida had given him, and inferring, not more than was legitimate perhaps, but much more than was true, she told Fritz that Ida and Wilmer were engaged, and cited the ring in proof. The Captain was aware of the prejudices entertained by Gen. Holmes towards Wilmer, and armed with the circumstances detailed by Bell, he wrote an anonymous note to the General, setting forth a good deal more than he had heard, and clandestinely laid it upon the desk, where it was not likely to escape the notice of him to whom it was directed. And the feelings of a father so sensitive on reading a communication reflecting upon the prudence and candor of his daughter, must be left to the reader's imagination.

"Ida," said the General, entering her room, after supper, and handing her the note, "read this, and tell me how much of it is true?"

With a trembling hand, she opened the note, whilst he seated himself and looked earnestly into her face during the whole time she was perusing the note. She was surprised at his manner on entering, as well as at the tone in which he addressed her, and her confusion was increased by the consciousness that his eye was bent sternly upon her countenance. This state of embarrassment, the result of his own bearing, he was but too ready to charge to the account of conscious guilt, and thus mistaken, his displeasure had deepened into a feeling of almost tempestuous passion by the time she raised her eyes from the paper, and they met his.

She did not shrink, however, from his piercing scrutiny, as she replied:

"From what I had hitherto conceived of your character, sir, for calm and deliberate justice, I did not expect you to come to me with suspicion in your heart, and a frown upon your brow, to demand the truth of anonymous charges. But your question shall be answered promptly and candidly. I gave Mr. Wilmer a ring, as proof of my gratitude for his prompt chastisement of a base calumniator of my character, and for having done so, have nothing to regret. This much of the contents of the paper is true, all else is false."

this answer, and was evidently at a loss what to say. But suspicion had taken too firm a hold upon his mind to be shaken off at will, and under its dictation he continued:

"When and where was your token of gratitude delivered, that a knowledge of the fact so soon got abroad?"

"Immediately after your last interview, before the sentence of the Court, we met in the entry—and intentionally, on my part, and then and there I gave him the ring—no one being present; if he wore it before leaving the fort, Bell Brown may have recognized it."

"Do you think this is her hand-writing?" He asked.

"No, sir; I am sure it is not, and though disguised, it is not unlike that of Capt. Fritz."

"Capt. Fritz!" He exclaimed. "And how could he have learned the fact?"

"Not from me, nor from Mr. Wilmer, if you recollect the relation in which they stood towards each other."

The General again seemed embarrassed, and after a pause of some moments, said:

"I am perplexed—puzzled, and know not what to think. At any rate, I will press the subject no further to-night, and, perhaps, with time for deliberation, my course may seem clearer before me."

"And whilst you are deliberating, father," she said, as he was about to retire, "let me hope that you will consider the means of sending me back to the city. My stay here, has been too greatly prolonged, and it were better that it end at once."

"Very well!" Was all he said, as he bowed and withdrew, muttering to himself—"This very strange! Whilst Wilmer was here, she had no desire to leave; now that he is gone, she is all anxiety to get back to the city. He has gone there, of course, and perhaps they understand each other. But they cannot over-reach me by that sort of game. Her cousin Edward Holmes will be here to-morrow—he loves her, and she used to love him—that is the idea; she may return to the city, but it must be as his wife, and then I shall have no more anxiety about her."

As soon as her father retired, Ida dashed the unbidden tear from her eyes, and despatched a messenger for Bell Brown, who came with misgivings as to the object of the invitation. Conscience convicted her of having dealt unfairly with Ida, and this conviction was written on her countenance when she entered the room.

"Read this note, Bell," said Ida, in a tone of sadness; "and tell me if you know anything about the author, or its contents."

Capt. Fritz was no longer at hand to feed the flame of jealousy he had kindled in the heart of Bell Brown, and unsupported by his ministering spirit of evil, she felt her inability to maintain the warfare she had been waging with his assistance, and her timid disposition quailed before the gentle firmness of her, hitherto confiding friend.

Her first impulse, then, was to deny everything, and, remembering that Fritz was no longer present to contradict, that first impulse prevailed, and she said, on returning the note:

"This is all news to me, Ida; and unless Capt. Fritz wrote the note, I don't know who did."

"I thought it possible, Bell," was the reply, "that you might have seen the ring I gave Mr. Wilmer, and, with no evil intention, might have mentioned it to the Captain, for he is the author of the note. But I must believe your statement, though your conduct, for some days past, almost led me to believe that you were in league with him against me. Nay, do not answer until I have finished. Remember your interview with Capt. Fritz, on the spot where I insulted him; remember his advice to you to watch my conduct to yourself and to Maj. Dade; remember the charge of treason which he brought against Mr. Wilmer, whom Capt. Fritz hates, and you will admit that I had cause to suspect you of knowing who wrote this note, even if you did not communicate the only fact it contains."

"Well, Ida, if Capt. Fritz chose to talk to me, I couldn't help it; and I told him, at the time, that he was influenced by prejudice, or he wouldn't accuse you of duplicity?"

"I know all that he said, Bell, and what you said in reply; and had you told me, as a friend would have done, all would have been right between us."

"And why shouldn't all be right between us?" asked Bell. "I have done nothing to offend you. I only told my father—as it was my duty to do—that Mr. Wilmer conferred with a stranger out side of the fort. And as to this note, I had nothing to do with the writing of it."

"But there is another little matter, Bell, with which you did have something to do. You found somewhere about the fort, a note without direction, but signed by Mr. Wilmer, and it reads thus—"

"I will be at the appointed place, at the hour you designated."—Now this note was in reply to one from the surveyor, asking Mr. Wilmer's assistance in hunting up

some land-marks; yet, in my absence, you dropped it on my floor, where my father found it."

"You wrong me Ida," said Bell, surprised and confounded by the charge. "Capt. Fritz handed me the note, and I brought it here to ask if you knew what it meant; but you were not in, and I dropped it accidentally."

"Yes, and accidentally you forgot, when you had me accused of a secret correspondence with Mr. Wilmer, to tell what you knew about this note, which I saw, for the first time, in the hand of my father. Ah, Bell, your jealousy has strangely perverted your once amiable and candid disposition, and has blinded you to the fact that Maj. Dade can not be won by the course you are pursuing."

"If you sent for me that you might offer this insult, Miss Holmes, I presume, your purpose being accomplished, you have no further business with me." And Bell sprang to her feet, and tossing her head about in the most approved style of offended dignity, started for the door.

"Stay Bell," said Ida, in a tone of commanding firmness and dignity, and stepping in front of her retiring visitor. "It is a device of little minds to feign injury and insult, as an offset to wrongs done, but neither acknowledged nor repented of; and your last remark has given rise to painful suspicions. I have been your friend,—would be so still; and if you would have it so, forget the lessons given you by Capt. Fritz, abandon your foolish jealousy of me, and cultivate that spirit of generous candor for which I gave you credit. We shall be together but a short time—let that be a period of peace between us—if possible, of confidence and love."

Her lips touched Bell's cheek, as she bade her good night, and they parted in tears. Bell's were tears of mortification and regret, and Ida wept because she had been betrayed by one she trusted, and because the machinations of her enemies had planted suspicion in the mind of her father and destroyed, for a time at least, that natural confidence which had constituted the strongest link in the chain of paternal and filial love. But a heart whose griefs are not self-inflicted yields readily to the balmy influence of sleep, and Ida not only slept, but dreamed of happiness, and her beautiful lips greeted, with a smile, the bright visions of her fancy.

She awoke in the morning, however, to find these visions but a dream,—dispelled by cold realities. The incidents of the preceding evening presented themselves in no softened light; and it was with a sad heart and a grave countenance she received her father's announcement that he would ride with her after breakfast. From such an excursion, she anticipated no pleasure, and began, at once, to brace her nerves for an interview which could not, by any possibility, be pleasant, and which she looked forward to with that sort of presentiment which so often foreshadows the coming evil.

The morning was bright, the air balmy and invigorating, but Ida saw not the one, nor felt the influence of the other. The birds sang blithely, and the dew drops dashed aside by her horses' feet, sparkled in the sun like shivered diamonds; but all passed unheeded by the sorrowing girl, whose eyes were fixed upon the arched neck of her steed; and it was with a look of dreamy abstraction that she met the gaze of her father, as he asked:

"Are you aware, Ida, that your cousin Edward will be here to-day?"

"I am aware that he is expected, father."

"And you are aware, too, of the business which brings him here, I suppose?"

"I shall not feign ignorance, sir, on that point. He is coming, he says, to claim the fulfillment of a promise which I never gave him."

"You never promised to marry him, Ida?"

"Never, sir! When I was about fourteen years of age, he asked me if I loved him, and I answered yes, and added, that I should always love him. The same love that I gave him then, he has now—the love due to a brother. If he construes that into a promise of marriage, he gives it an interpretation foreign to any intention of mine."

"Then I am destined to be disappointed in the hope that you will become his wife, during his stay here, and return with him to the city, at an early day?"

"I hope sir," she replied, "you will not urge me to take a step so repugnant to myself, and so unjust to him. My hand without my heart, must prove anything but a blessing to either."

gentleness, performed the same service for Ida, and the sixth untied the horses, upon which father and daughter were hastily lifted, and, safely guarded, by the mounted savages, they were hurried forward, at a swift gallop. Ida, cast a despairing look at her father; but her pale lips moved not, and no tear relieved the agony of that terrible shock.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE fear of pursuit stimulated the savages to press forward with all the speed compatible with the safety of their horses, upon whose endurance they relied for escape. And this accounts for their following so close upon the heels of Charles Wilmer, who rightly judged that they would halt for the night, at no great distance from the point where he first saw them. Under this conviction, he restrained the impatience of his horse, fresh from the Hermit's manger, determined to reserve his strength for any emergency that might arise in the course of his perilous adventure.

The moon shone brightly, though on the wane, and our hero found no difficulty in pursuing the broad trail made by the retreating party; and he had ample leisure to digest a plan for the liberation of the prisoners. Nerved by a determined will, and buoyant with hope, he had ridden some ten miles, when his quick eye detected the feeble glare of a fire, around which were encamped the objects of his pursuit. Knowing the importance of concealing himself and his designs from the over-vigilant savages, he turned up the bank of the river fearing that an attempt to cross might betray him, and getting behind a hill, took off his saddle and bridle, and wrapping his blanket about him, stretched himself upon the grass, and was soon asleep.

At early dawn, he awoke refreshed, and mounting his horse, rode boldly forward, aware that the savages had preceded him, at least an hour. After crossing the river, he stopped awhile at the smouldering camp-fire, and saw, with pleasure, the severed thong which assured him that Ida, though still a captive, was no longer bound. He there examined, anew, the priming of his rifle and pistols, and felt that the flints were firm, and assured that all was right, renewed his journey, hoping that, in the course of the morning, one, or two of the Indians would be sent out to hunt, in which event, he felt satisfied they would never return to the main body.

The trail, which he followed, told him that the party were travelling with speed, and giving his horse the rein, he pursued his flying foe at a pace which, he thought, would soon bring him in sight. But it was past noon, and he had seen no human being, and began to fear that he would have no opportunity to lessen the number of the savages by cutting off any detached portion. Whilst pondering this question, he came to a spring, breaking out of the high bank that bordered a small stream, and perceived, from the signs, that the captors and their prisoners halted there to refresh themselves and their horses. By close inspection, he was satisfied that they had not been gone more than half an hour, for the grass, trodden under the horses' feet, could still be seen to move as it struggled to regain its upright position. He was satisfied, too, that it was the character of the ground over which he travelled, which had prevented his getting a view of those he pursued.

Having drawn these conclusions, Wilmer deemed it prudent not to press forward too fast; so taking the bit from horse's mouth, and the saddle from his back, that he might cool, and feed freely, he drew forth his store of provisions and satisfied his own hunger. After the lapse of some forty minutes, he was again mounted, and had ridden a few yards under the bank to the point where it abruptly terminated, when the sound of horses' feet in rapid motion, arrested his attention. Suddenly rearing up his steed, he took a pistol from his holster, and placing it in a convenient position for ready use, poised his rifle, with his finger upon the trigger, knowing from the demonstrations made by his horse, that Indians were near. All this was the work of an instant, but it was accomplished none too soon, for immediately after, he saw, at the distance of about one hundred yards, a white man making directly to the point where he stood, and closely pursued by two savages. His position was partially sheltered from view, by the bank, and so intent were the pursuers upon the chase that he might have escaped observation even in a more exposed locality. When the foremost Indian was within forty yards, Wilmer fired, and the savage was dead ere he reached the ground. The other, startled by the report of the rifle, attempted to check his horse, and change his course; but his headlong speed brought him within close pistol shot, and, in the act of turning, he received the ball in his side, and his spirit followed that of

his companion to the happy hunting grounds beyond the grave.

In the meantime, the white man had come to a stand-still, and elate with joy at his unhoped for escape, waved his greasy cap above his head, and gave vent to a shout compounded of a yell of triumph and a sigh of relief. Then advancing to Wilmer's side and extending his hand, said:

"That was well done, stranger, and just in time, too, two minutes more, and them infernal red skins would've raised my hair—devil take their hides! But, thanks to you, Mike Sloan's not skelped yet."

"I claim no thanks, Mr. Sloan; but you will do me a favor by telling how you happened to be pursued, and whether you encountered more than two Indians."

"Well, just go back to the spring, where I can wet my tongue, as is all-fired dry, and I'll tell you all about it, stranger."

Wilmer complied, deeming it important to gather all the information he could. With this view, he waited patiently, until Sloan had freed his horse from its rude trappings, and taken a hearty draught of water.

"This water is coolin', stranger; but for fear it might disagree with my stomach, I'll just pour on to it a little from this flask—try a little, sir?" No! Well, here's to ye!" And he literally poured the contents, or rather the larger portion, "on to" the water. Wiping his lips with the back of his hand, and holding up the flask to the light, that he might measure the remaining contents, Mike drew a long breath, and thus began:

"Well, sir, as I were a saying—no, that's a lie, for I haint said a word about it; but howso'ever, as I were a joggin' along, some three miles back, suddenly I seed, comin' right meetin' of me, five red skins and a white man and a white woman—"

"Five Indians, did you say?" asked Wilmer, interrupting him. "I thought there were six!"

"Five, sir, only five, and that's two of 'em, darn their ugly peters! But stay, may be that war six when you counted 'em. Soon this mornin', I seed one makin' towards the Red River village; but he seemed to be in a hurry, and I didn't hail him, not bein' very curious to know his business. May be they sent him on afore to give notice of their comin'.—But whar was I, Stranger, when you put in? Oh, remember now. Well, when I seed the five red skins and the two whites, what they captivated, my dander riz, but seein' it war no use attractin' sich odds, I drew off a piece and hid behind some bushes. On they come, and passed in two hundred yards of me, and just as I war thinkin' all safe, nuthin' would do, but that fool errand of mine must sing out at the top of his voice, as ef he knowed the brutes they rid—I knowed that water war too cold for my stomach, so here goes again, Stranger, ef you wont jine in."

And suiting the action to the words, he took another pull at the flask. "Them traders on Red River," he said, incidentally, "sells monstrous mean licker, and give short measure at that; and ef—"

"But what did you do then?" Asked Wilmer, by way of bringing him back to the subject.

"Do when?—Oh, you mean when that fool beast nickered! Why, I clapped the spurs on to him, for I guessed my safety depended on the superiority of horse flesh. But, as I had rid hard, my beast war a little fagged, and pretty soon, it war clear that the two red skins had the heels of me, so, you may s'pose, my feelin' weren't comfortin'. Still they gained on me, and the foremost, thinkin' to finish me at once, fired off his rifle, but missed; and thinkin' that I'd show him how to shoot, I turned on my saddle, took steady aim and—snapped. On lookin' to see what war the matter, my flint war gone. My skelp ought to be taken for sich carelessness. My headwar had been sorter checked, and tother red skin tried his hand, and here is his bullet hole through my cap. This made us more kil, but still the odds war agin me, as you seed, and ef it hadn't been for you Mike Sloan would be bald afore now. But, stranger, when that red skin's your game, and you'd better lift that har afore they get cold, when the skelp wont slip easy."

"I never skelp," Wilmer answered.

"You don't! Well, I've heard that the famous scout, of the fort, never lifts har, but you're the fast man ever I seed that war ticklish 'bout it. Well, ef you want, I will, and may be nobody'll ever know but I kilt the pecky varmints myself."

"The job was soon done, and while deliberately fastening the reeking scalp to his belt, Mike remarked:

"Them red skins belong to Tatankah's gang; and as they are plannin' to attack one of the forts low down on Red River, I'm glad too of the red devils is gone to kingdom-kum. But I say, Stranger, you wouldn't like to swap that ar beast of yours, would you?"

"Well, he's noble animal, and I guess thar's another color under them white spotches; but the faintin's well done. S'pose you don't care to tell who you are, or whar you're agoin'?"

"I would rather not, Mr. Sloan; and your question reminds me that it is time to resume my journey. One of the Indian's rifles I will load and take with me, the other, and the horses are yours if you want them."

"Guess I'll try to take 'em along; and should you ever cross over into Texas, 'bout the head waters of Trinity, jist hunt up Mike Sloan, and he'll be at your service."

"You've saved his skelp, and he'll not be ungrateful. You needn't to hurry, though—the t'other three red skins and that ar gal whar I s'pose you arter captivat'ing, will not go fur to-night, and you wont start 'em afore a late hour, so you've 'bundance of time."

"Why do you think they will not go far, Mr. Sloan?"

"Why, becase they must halt twelve miles, or so, ahead, or travel forty-two miles 'thout wood or water, and that they aint agoin' to do in the night, arter travelin' hard all day. Mike Sloan's no fool of he don't look smart; and I knowed whar you was up to, soon as I seed you loadin' two rifles. A man don't toat two sich shootin' irons, two pistols, a tomahawk and a huntin' knife ceptin' he looks forard to some hard fighting and whar do you s'pect to find that divarison, ef it's not agin them ar three red skins? And now, ef you say so stranger, I'll hobble them horses and turn back with you and lift some more har, tho' my licker is runnin' 'larmin' short."

"Your offer is kind, Mr. Sloan; but you must excuse me for declinin' it. Should we meet again, I may call on you for help—a man never knows when he may need it so long as he has Indians for neighbors."

"That's true, Mr. —well, I've forgot your name a ready!"

"If any one should ask you what my name is, Mr. Sloan, jist say it is a secret between you and me.—Good evening to you, sir."

And without waiting for an answer, Wilmer dashed forward at a speed that soon carried him out of hearing of Mike Sloan, who stood for some time in deep thought, then uttering a shrill whistle, he thus addressed himself:—"Well, Mike Sloan, you're a durned sight bigger feller then I tuck you to be. Them ar prisoners is people from the fort, whar got picked up by the red skins; and jist to think, Mike, that you've been talking to him nigh on to a half hour, and didn't disker that ar young man to be no more nor less than the famous scout. Why, it's as plain as a buffalo trail, and I don't know what makes you so thick-headed. Mike, 'thout it's drinkin' mean licker, and a durned sight of it." Having thus vented his ill-humor upon himself, Mike overhauled his wallet, and we leave him eating his dinner.

In the mean time, our hero was dwelling, as he passed onward, upon his strange meeting with Sloan whom he recognized as one of a band of robbers, whose den was in Northern Texas, and whose field of operation covered many of the southwestern tributaries of the Mississippi, and a small portion of the Gulf coast. Sloan had been arrested in New Orleans, and the proof not being sufficient to convict him—so the prosecutor thought—he was told that he should be set at liberty, provided he would enlist in the army. Accepting the offer, he presented himself to Wilmer, who was then recruiting in the city, and who, upon inspection, rejected him.

Sloan was a desperate rascal, and by way of proving his fitness for the service, told of some of his deeds on Mexican soil, and hinted that he could bring into the army about fifty of his own kidney, who then occupied an old Mexican fortress on the Trinity. But this display of his merits proved anything rather than a recommendation. He however, reported himself as enlisted, and thus procured his release.

Wilmer, whose vigilance was aroused by the proximity of danger, and whose nerves were steadied by the prospect of an early demand for all his presence of mind, kept a constant look out for any and every sign that might aid him in the consummation of his perilous undertaking. After passing the point where the two savages commenced the pursuit of Mike Sloan, he was delighted to find the tracks of only five horses, and two of those were shed—thus verifying Mike's statement that one of the Indians had been sent in advance, leaving only three to be disposed of, when Ida and her father would once more be free.

About sun set, as he was near the summit of a hill, he got a full view of the party then less than a mile ahead. Checking his horse, he waited until they were again out of sight; then turning to the right, making a very acute angle to the course they were pursuing, he threw a low ring

of hills between them and himself, so that he could not be seen, in the event that any of the party should look back—a precaution that did not prove useless, for the savages were constantly casting backward glances, and wondering why their two absent companions did not make their appearance.

A little after dark, our hero rode to the top of a hill, on his left, and much nearer than he expected, the savages had halted, for the night, and already a fire was blazing cheerfully, giving him a partial view of the spot they had selected. It was a wooded eminence, and he could see, very distinctly, three or four fallen trees whose branches had decayed and dropped off, leaving only the moldering trunks, near one of which the fire was kindled. A few steps, East, the timber and prairie met, and there were picketed the horses. Having reconnoitered the position, and even marked the spot where Ida sat, Wilmer descended the hill, stripped his horse, partook lightly of his homely fare, then stretched himself upon the turf to refresh himself with a short nap.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW YORK HALF-MILLION GRANT TO ROMANISM.

The Hartford *Connecticut* speaking of the grant of seventy-two Fifth avenue lots to a Roman Catholic Institution, says:

"The Irish Roman Catholics completely rule the city of New York. This is proved by the late gift by the Common Council, of thirty-six lots, between the Fourth and Fifth street. This grant is in addition to one already made in the same place of the same number of lots given, under a nominal lease of one dollar a year to one religious sect, for an exclusively sectarian object—that of the erection of a Roman Catholic Asylum. This land, thus granted, is worth half a million of dollars! Think of that! Land worth five hundred thousand dollars granted to an exclusive sect, for exclusive purposes! Verily, the strides of Romanism in our land are prodigious."

"The buildings erected on this land are for no Protestant tax-payers. Their children can have no privileges there. It is for a splendid Roman establishment. No Protestant orphans will be allowed admittance."

"A few months ago, says the New York *Express*, a Protestant institution, the Nursery and Child's Hospital, where Catholics and Protestants are admitted, asked the Council for four of these very thirty-six lots, and were refused. The *Express* says likewise:

"What makes the case more aggravated is the more important fact, that when the Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb were compelled to go up as far as Fifth street to find land to build upon, the corporation charged the Institution, and compelled them to pay the full value of this land, while it gave away thirty-six lots upon the opposite side of the same Fifth street to the Roman Catholics merely for the asking." It was a charitable institution for giving voice to the speechless, and hearing to the deaf, in the other case, regardless of the fact whether they were Protestants or Catholics; while in the other, the gift was to an institution wholly sectarian, and to which no Protestant is admitted.

"A Protestant charity, no matter of what denomination, could never have obtained such a gift. Why, then, was it bestowed on Catholics? Simply because the city election approaches.—Mayor Wood has been renominated and desires to perpetuate his power—the leaders of the Democratic party desire to continue grasp on the city spoils. By this means they unite the Irish Catholics to a man on their side, while the Protestants do not see their danger clearly enough to unite and put down this unwholesome league between the Catholics and the Democratic party. Will they ever see it? One would suppose that the yearly tax of eight millions would be sufficient to open their eyes to the rottenness of the Democratic leaders."

"One would suppose that this grant of half a million would call their attention to the encroachments of the Catholic power."

"The grant is so palpably unjust, that even the Mirror, the organ of the Democracy in that city, denounces it."

A WISE DECISION.—Judge Glosser, of the Probate Court, of Windsor, Vt., has decided that a good family newspaper is one of the necessary articles for the support of a family, during the settlement of an estate, and, as such, the administrator, in insolvent States, is justifiable in paying for one—the widow to make her own selection of what paper she will have.

We have frequently admired the delicate obituary notices got up by the papers in Yankoo lands. The following from the Boston *bee*, of Mondays evening, is a specimen:

DEPARTED.—The Worcester Bay State, the meaneast Borehanan newspaper, ever published in the State, died Saturday. The Transcript, of Worcester, announces the event under its usual head of deaths thus—

"In this city, on the 7th inst, at 2 1/2 P.M., the *Daily Bay State*. It lived a regsbond and died a pauper."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—Senators—The committee on Territories are preparing a bill for the admission of Kansas under the Leecompton Constitution. It will not be submitted before Thursday to enable Douglas to prepare a dissenting report. Wade and Collamer unite in a third report.

The President has recognized Jorge Frederico Darby, as Consul General from Uruguay, resident at New York.